

CONDENSED CLASSICS

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII

By EDWARD BULWER LYTTON



Edward George Bulwer-Lytton, more familiarly known to novel readers as Bulwer Lytton, was born in London, May 25, 1803.

When his proposal of marriage was not taken seriously by the father of the girl he loved, she died a few years later and Bulwer said that the disappointment embittered his whole life.

"GLAUCUS the Athenian, thy time has come, said a loud and clear voice; 'The lions await thee.'

"I am ready," said the Athenian. He had bent his limbs so as to give himself the firmest posture at the expected rush of the lion, with his small and shining weapons raised on high, in the faint hope that one well-directed thrust might penetrate through the eye to the brain of his grim foe.

"But to the unutterable astonishment of all, the beast seemed not even aware of the presence of the criminal. At the first moment of its release it halted abruptly in the arena, raised itself half on end, snuffing the upward air with impatient sighs; then suddenly it sprang forward, but not on the Athenian. At half-speed it circled round and round the space, turning its vast head from side to side with an anxious and perturbed gaze, as if seeking only some avenue of escape; once or twice it endeavored to leap up the parapet that divided it from the audience, and, on falling, uttered rather a baffled howl than its deep-toned and kingly roar. It evinced no sign either of wrath or hunger; its tail drooped along the sand, instead of lashing its gaunt sides; and its eye, though it wandered at times to Glaucus, rolled again listlessly from him. At length, as if tired of attempting to escape, it crept with a moan into its cage and once more laid itself down to rest.

"The first surprise of the assembly at the apathy of the lion soon grew into resentment at its cowardice; and the populace already merged their pity for the fate of Glaucus into angry compassion for their own disappointment. The manager called to the keeper:

"How is this? Take a goat, and prick him forth, and then close the door of the den."

"As the keeper, with some fear, but more astonishment, was preparing to obey, a loud cry was heard, at one of the entrances of the arena, there was a confusion, a bustle, voices of remonstrance suddenly breaking forth, and sudden silence at the reply. All eyes turned in wonder toward the quarter of the disturbance; the crowd gave way, and suddenly Sallust appeared on the senatorial benches, his hair disheveled, breathless, heated, half exhausted. He cast his eyes hastily around the ring. 'Remove the Athenian,' he cried; 'haste, he is innocent! Arrest Arbaces the Egyptian; he is the murderer of Apaecides!'

"Art thou mad, O Sallust!" said the praetor, rising from his seat. 'What means this raving?'

"Remove the Athenian! Quick! or his blood be on your head. Praetor, delay, and you answer with your own life to the emperor! I bring with me the eye-witness to the death of the priest Apaecides. Room there! stand back! Give way! People of Pompeii, fix every eye upon Arbaces; there he sits. Room there for the priest Calenus!"

"Pale, haggard, fresh from the jaws of famine and of death, his face fallen, his eyes dull as a vulture's, his broad frame gaunt as a skeleton, Calenus was supported into the very row in which

Arbaces sat. His releasers had given him sparingly of food; but the chief sustenance that nerved his feeble limbs was revenge!

"The priest Calenus! Calenus! cried the mob. 'Is it he? No, it is a good man!'

"It is the priest Calenus," said the praetor, bravely. 'What hast thou to say?'

"Arbaces of Egypt is the murderer of Apaecides, the priest of Isis; these eyes saw him deal the blow, it is from the dungeon into which he plunged me, it is from the darkness and horror of a death by famine, that the gods have raised me to proclaim his crime! Release the Athenian—he is innocent!"

"It is for this, then, that the lion snared him. A miracle! a miracle!" cried Pansa.

"A miracle! a miracle!" shouted the people; "remove the Athenian—Arbaces to the lion!"

"The power of the praetor was as a reed beneath the whirlwind; still, at his word the guards had drawn themselves along the lower benches, on which the upper classes sat separate from the vulgar. They made but a feeble barrier; the waves of the human sea halted for a moment, to enable Arbaces to count the exact moment of his doom! In despair, and in a terror which beat down even pride, he glanced his eyes over the rolling and rushing crowd, when, right above them, through the wide chasm which had been left in the volar, he beheld a strange and awful apparition; he beheld, and his craft restored his courage!

"He stretched his hand on high; over his lofty brow and royal features there came an expression of unutterable solemnity and command.

"Behold!" he shouted with a voice of thunder which stifled the roar of the crowd; "behold how the gods protect the guilty! The fire of the avenging Orcus burst forth against the false witness of my accusers!"

The fire of the "avenging Orcus" were those of the great eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A. D. Toward such a melodramatic climax, furnished him by Nature, the author had been spinning the lives of his characters in the little city which nestled under the shadow of the volcano.

The converging threads of the story are many, giving in the final weaving a complete picture of the life of Pompeii—its shops, tiny palaces, baths, forum, theater, circus, and all that daily took place in the energetic life of this toy copy of Rome at the beginning of the Christian era. The story centers around Glaucus the Athenian, brilliant, gay, witty; descendant of a nobler race frolicking himself away amid the coarser pleasures of the Romans, until finally all that was fine in him was brought forth by his love for Ione of Naples, who, like himself, was a child of Greece. And alongside this tale of love runs the pathetic story of Nydia, the blind slave girl, who centers all her hopes of happiness in winning the affection of Glaucus. To this end she gains possession of a love potion which the opulent Julia has had prepared in the belief that it will bring to her the much-desired Glaucus. In reality the potion is a poison which will drive the unfortunate drinker mad. It is designed by the sinister Egyptian Arbaces to clear his path to Ione from his rival Glaucus. In his raving, Glaucus comes upon Arbaces just as the latter has killed Ione's brother Apaecides, a young priest of Isis, who, much to the annoyance of Arbaces, has embraced the new Christian faith. Arbaces throws the guilt upon poor Glaucus with apparent success. But the priest Calenus was a hidden witness, with the final result shown in the great episode of the book. As the crowd in the circus turned their eyes toward Vesuvius, they beheld "a fire that shifted and wavered in its hues with every moment, now fiery luminous, now of a dull and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth with intolerable glare. Then there arose on high the universal shrieks of women; the men stared at each other, but were dumb.

At that moment they felt the earth shake beneath their feet; the walls of the theater trembled, and beyond in the distance they heard the crash of falling roofs; an instant more and the mountain-cloud seemed to roll towards them, dark and rapid, like a torrent; at the same time it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes mixed with vast fragments of burning stone! Over the crushing vines, over the desolate streets, over the amphitheater itself, far and wide, with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea, fell that awful shower! No longer thought the crowd of justice or of Arbaces; safety for themselves was their sole thought. Each turned to fly—each dashing, pressing, crushing, against the other."

It was save himself who could in that night of horrors. Of the many episodes seen in the flashes of light was that of blind Nydia guiding Glaucus to Ione, and then leading both to safety, she the only one at home in the darkness in which she had always lived. And then, when they had gained a ship and put to sea and all but Nydia had fallen into exhausted slumber, "May the gods bless you, Athenian!" she murmured, "may you be happy with your beloved one; may you some time remember Nydia!"

A sailor, half dozing on the deck, heard a slight splash on the waters. Drowsily he looked up, and believed, as the vessel merrily bounded on, he fancied he saw something white above the waves—

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CONDENSED CLASSICS

ROBINSON CRUSOE

By DANIEL DEFOE

Condensed by James S. Connolly



Daniel Defoe was born in London about 1660. After a life of varied and brilliant activity, he died, a homeless fugitive, in Roper's Alley, Alley Moorfields, on April 26, 1731. His father, a butcher, educated Daniel for the dissenting ministry, but the boy's unremitting energy led him to be a trader, a political intriguer, and an indefatigable journalist.

He rose to great intimacy with King William III, and abruptly fell to pillory and prison for his too perfect satire, "The Shortest Way with Dissenters." From Newgate he launched his remarkable Review, a journal written entirely by himself. He advocated an income tax and higher education for women. He wrote 250 distinct pamphlets and books, but his masterpiece, "Robinson Crusoe," was not published until 1719, when the author was nearly 60 years old. This, the first great English novel, has in some respects never been surpassed. Its immediate popularity incited Defoe to write a sequel and many thrilling tales of pirates and adventures, of courtiers and adventuresses. His vivid story of the plague appeared three years after "Robinson Crusoe."

"Defoe was perhaps the greatest liar that ever lived. Yet if we go deep into his rich and strangely mixed nature, we come upon stubborn foundations of conscience." Whatever the ultimate judgment of his honesty, "Robinson Crusoe" lives immortally to attest his genius in invention.

MY father designed me for the law, but I would be satisfied only with going to sea, and being one day at Hull and one of my companions about to go by sea to Lon-

don in his father's ship, nothing would serve me but I must go with him—this on September 8, 1651, and I being then nineteen years of age.

The ship was no sooner out of port than the wind began to blow and the sea to rise in the most frightful manner, which made me most terribly sick in body and frightened in mind. In my agony I moved that if God would spare me through this one voyage I would go, immediately I set foot on land, directly home to my good parents and be ever after guided in my conduct by their advice.

But next day the wind was abated and the sea calmer, and the sun went down to a perfectly fine evening, and when to that was added a bowl of punch made by a shipmate, I forgot my resolution to return home after the voyage; and such has been my habit, to my great misfortune, all my life; to disown in the hour of peril the headstrong notions which have brought me to port, and when the danger is past to forget all vows and plunge headlong once more on my heedless courses.

Various were my adventures after that first tempestuous voyage. Trading to Guinea in Africa I was captured by a Turkish rover and sold into slavery, from whence after many perils I escaped to the Brazils, where I set myself up for a sugar planter and was enjoying a fine prosperity 'ere long, when I fell a victim to temptation. Help being scarce in the Brazils and some planters there knowing that I had traded with the slave coasts of Africa, they beguiled me into a voyage to those parts with the intent to secure slave labor for our plantations. Only evil does ever come of evil counsel. Our ship was wrecked on an unknown island off to the northeast coast of South America, and of all the ship's company I alone, by the blessing of God, was allowed to escape through the high surf to the shore. All I possessed at the time was a knife, a pipe and a little tobacco in a box. Walking along the shore, when I had recovered sufficiently in strength so to walk, I found fresh water, a great joy. Having drunk and put a little tobacco against the hunger in my mouth, I took up my lodging in a tree and did there sleep to my great refreshment throughout the night.

Next morning the weather was clear and the sea mild, but what pleased me most was the sight of the ship which as the tide ebbed, lay so close to the shore that I found no trouble in swimming out to it. No living thing except a dog and two cats were left on the ship; but there was a store of necessities, and such I took, building a raft for the purpose of transporting them to an inlet in the island where was fresh water and a flat high place for my habitation. On the night of the thirteenth day, my work of transportation being done, I lay down in my usual fear of wild beasts, but also of thankfulness in the knowledge that I was prepared for some time to come against the bareness of this island.

There were wild fruit trees on the island, but it was many days before I discovered them. There were also goats running wild, but without the firearms and ammunition I had brought from the ship of what avail were they to me? So I had reason to be thankful for the good Providence which held the ship to the shore until I had taken off all that was of use to me.

There was much to be done if I were to secure my existence on this strange island. The useful things I did as best I could in turn, but not always with good fortune attending my efforts. In my first planting of barley and corn seed, the half of all my produce was

was whirled by reason of its being planted in the very wrong time. I spent weary months in making earth-ware pots for holding fresh water; and forty-two days it took me to hew my first long plank from a tree trunk. I strove for weeks to fashion a stone mortar to stamp grain in, only to come at last to a block of hollowed-out wood. Five months I labored in felling a great cedar tree, hewing and shaping it to the hull of a splendid boat with which I was to escape from the island, only to be forced to abandon it for want of a means whereby to launch it into the sea. However, every failure taught me something I had not known before.

For the elements, there were great winds and rains and earthquakes. But I became used in time to all things. I planted and harvested my crops of barley and corn; I plucked my wild grapes, and dried them into nourishing raisins; I raised and killed and smoked and salted my tame goats, being thus for variety of food not so badly served. And so through the twelve years during which I saw no sign of human existence on the island other than my own, until that eventful day on which I met with the print of a man's naked foot on the sand.

I was then like one thunderstruck. I listened, I looked, but I could hear nothing, see nothing. I went up the shore, down the shore; but there was only that single foot-print! Terrified to the last degree, I ran to my habitation like one pursued; and for three days and nights thereafter I did not stir out.

After observation I learned that it was the habit of cannibals from the main-land to come to a part of the island which I seldom visited to feast upon the bodies of their captured enemies. One morning from my look-out I perceived thirty savages dancing around a fire. They had cooked one victim; and had two more ready for the fire, when I descended upon them with two loaded muskets and my great sword, and was in time to save one which they had not yet eaten. The saved man I called Friday, in honor of the day of his rescue, and his was the first voice I heard in all my 25 years on the island. He was young, intelligent, of a superior race of savages and became my trusted companion for all the time I remained on the island.

What Friday told me of the main-land, after I had taught him some English, decided me to leave my island. We built a boat, this time not too far from the sea for launching, and were almost ready to set sail when 21 savages in three canoes landed on the island with three prisoners for a feast. One of the prisoners was a white man, which enraged me. I double-charged two fowling pieces, four muskets, two pistols, and giving Friday a hatchet and also a great dram of rum and myself my great sword, we descended and killed all but four of the savages.

One of the prisoners was Friday's father. The white man was a Spaniard, a survivor from a ship of which I had seen the wrecked hull on my island some years before this, and from which I had taken some 1,200 pieces of gold, but of which I made small account because of its being of less value to me than so much sand of the beach.

The Spaniard and Friday's father I sent with fire-arms and food in my new boat to bring back the wrecked crew of the Spanish ship. While waiting for their return an English ship with a notorious crew put into my island. I helped the captain recover his ship and took passage with him for England, leaving on the island the most notorious members with two

honest ones who wished also to remain. Later, my Spaniards returned and all settled together on the island, having their possessions at first, but settling down finally into a flourishing colony, which some years later it was my happiness to visit.

After twenty-eight years, two months and nineteen days I left my island, I anticipated much joy of my arrival in England, but I was like a stranger there. My mother and father were both dead, which was unfortunate, as I could have been of great service to them; for besides the 1,200 pieces of gold from the Spanish ship, there was 10,000 pounds sterling awaiting me from an honest friend, a Portuguese captain to whom I had entrusted my estate in the Brazils before setting forth on the ill-fated errand which threw me for fifty-eight years on my island. So, I said, was I with his honesty that I settled 100 moidores a year on him and fifty moidores a year on his son, both for life.

I married and begot three children, and except for the one voyage to the old island, of which I have spoken, I roamed no more. So here I am, having lived a life of infinite variety for 25 years, blessed with more than I deserve and resolved to prepare now for the longest journey of all. If I have learned anything it is a knowledge of the value of retirement and the blessing of ending our days in peace. Copyright, 1919, by the Post Publishing Co. (The Boston Post).

Childhood. "How long did it take you to wher?" "Twenty years." "That's a long time to go a-courting!" "We started early. She made the first mud pie I ever ate."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

CONNIE'S KELLY HAS PASSED AWAY



The last notable landmark of the famous Philadelphia Athletic championship baseball team has evidently passed into oblivion. It was the "Ironed Kelly"—the stiff derby hat always worn by that great manager, Connie Mack. Here is Connie in 1920 mood, wearing a cap. Connie is slowly building a winner again—and he says—maybe 1921—maybe 1922—but we'll be there again.

It's hope is again a bunch of tides, with every nation dreading the time when another will apply the torch.

The weather man, we note, never kicks at the roasts he gets in the press. It's an inexpensive method of keeping in the public eye.

Pull Together for an American Merchant Marine

The war resulted in the creation of a great merchant marine—10,000,000 tons of American ships which cost us \$3,000,000,000. Everybody agrees that we must keep this fleet on the seas. If we fall back to pre-war conditions—when only 9 per cent of our foreign trade was carried in American ships—We shall be in the position of a department store whose goods are delivered in its competitor's wagons. Congress is considering legislation which will perpetuate our war-built merchant marine. Until this is done the ships we have should not be sold to face conditions which, prior to the war, resulted in the decline of our merchant marine to insignificance. This Committee calls attention to these facts because a right solution of our shipping problem is vital to the future prosperity of shipbuilding, but equally vital to the safety and prosperity of the nation. Send for free copy of "For an American Merchant Marine."

Committee of American Shipbuilders 30 CHURCH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Ford THE UNIVERSAL CAR

March 3, 1920 the Ford Motor Co. advanced the prices of Ford cars because of the increased cost of Production. No specific announcement was deemed necessary at the time, but it has developed that misrepresentations and misquotations of these advanced prices have been and are being given out. So to safeguard the public against the evils of Misrepresentation, we herewith give the present prices:

- Runabout \$550 with dual electric starting and lighting system \$625
Touring Car \$575 with dual electric starting and lighting system \$650
Coupe \$750 with dual electric starting and lighting system and demountable rims \$850
Sedan \$875 with dual electric starting and lighting system and demountable rims \$975
Truck Chassis with solid tires and clincher rims (with pneumatic tires and dem. rims \$640) \$600

These prices are all f. o. b. Dearborn Mich. Fordson Tractor \$850.00 f. o. b. Dearborn Mich.

Burns Garage